

CHARLTON
COMICS
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00786-873

all new

TEEN-
AGE

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM

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PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM

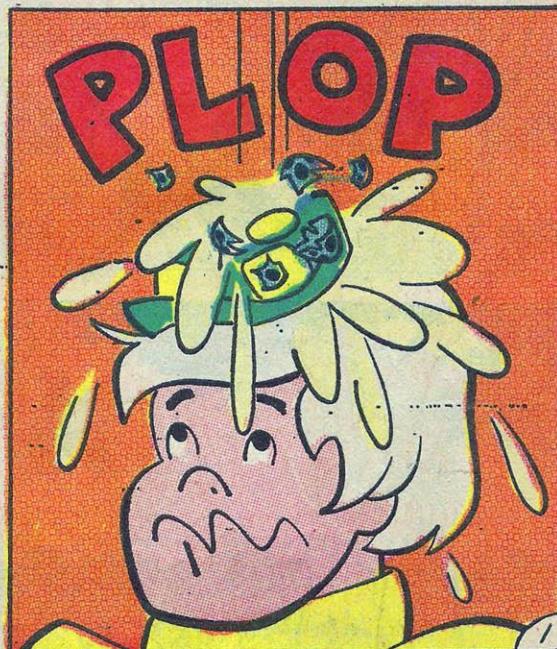
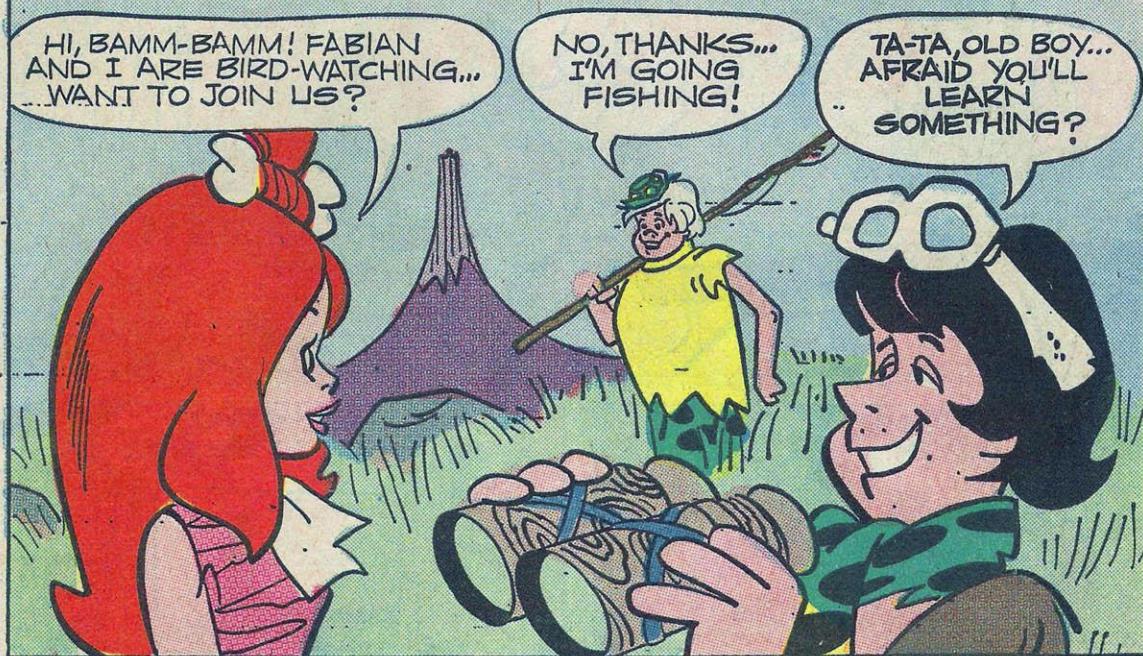
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TEEN-
AGE

PEBBLES AND Bamm-Bamm IN

"FISHING IS FOR THE BIRDS"



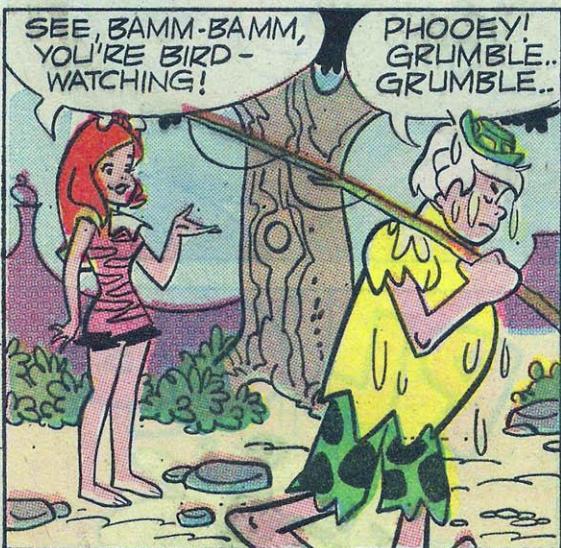
STUPID BIRD! WATCH
WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

?



SEE, BAMM-BAMM,
YOU'RE BIRD-
WATCHING!

PHOOEY!
GRUMBLE..
GRUMBLE..

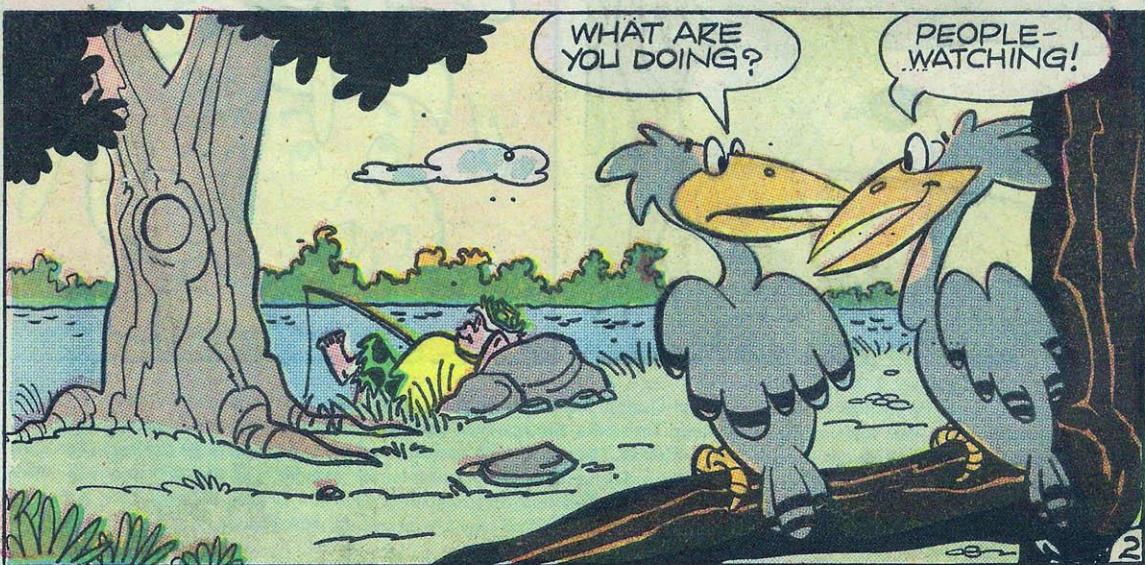


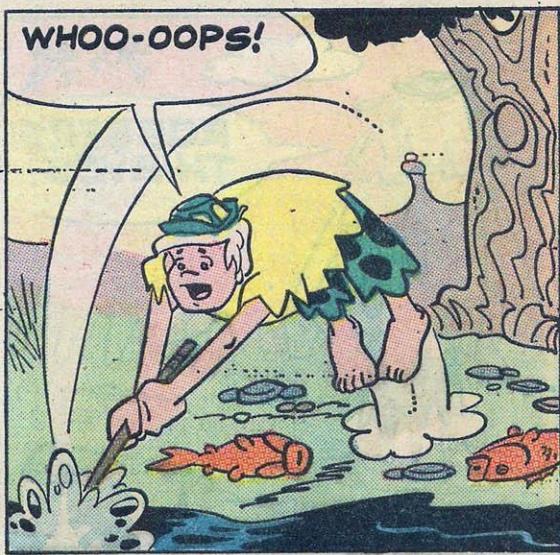
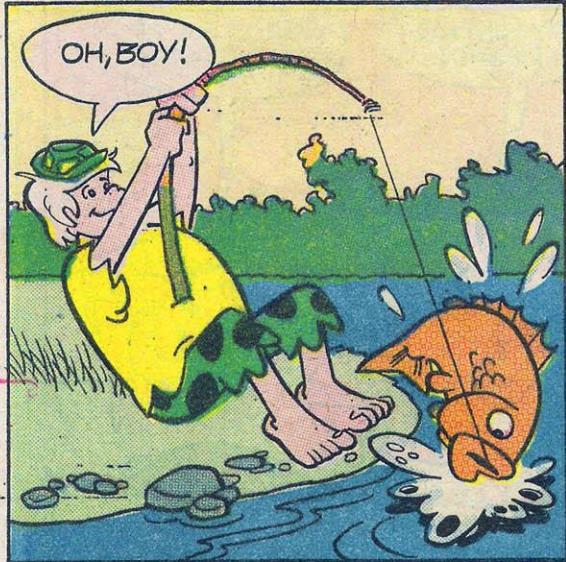
NOW, FOR SOME
NICE, QUIET FISHING!



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

PEOPLE-
WATCHING!

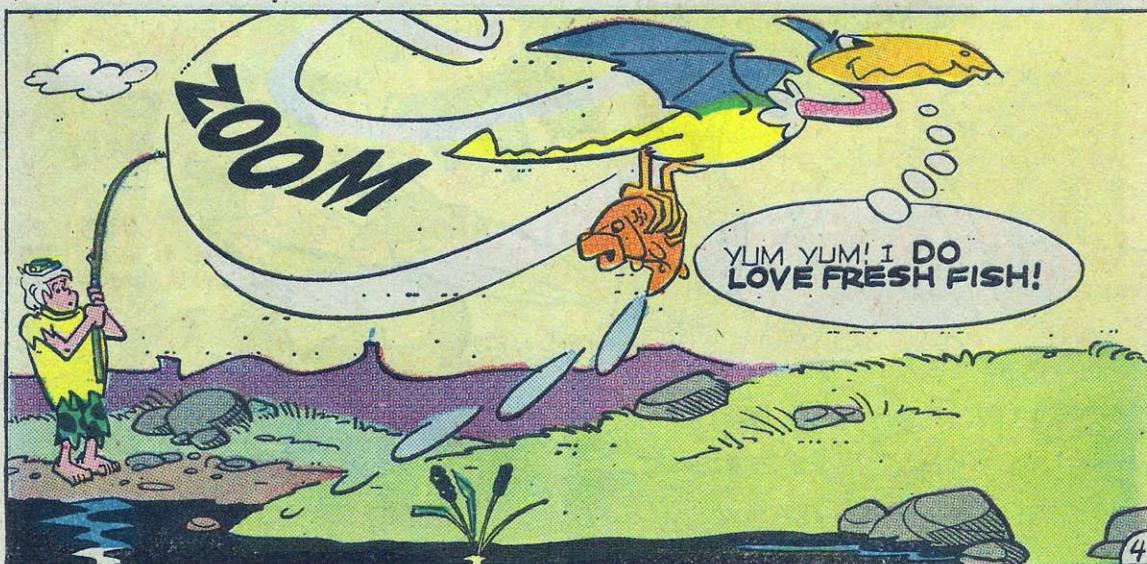
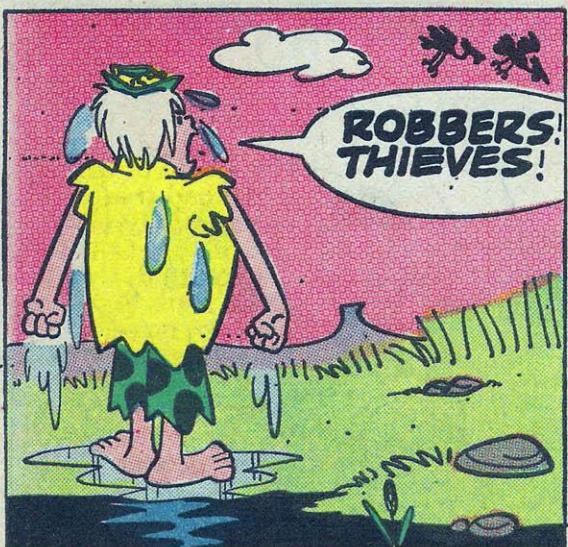
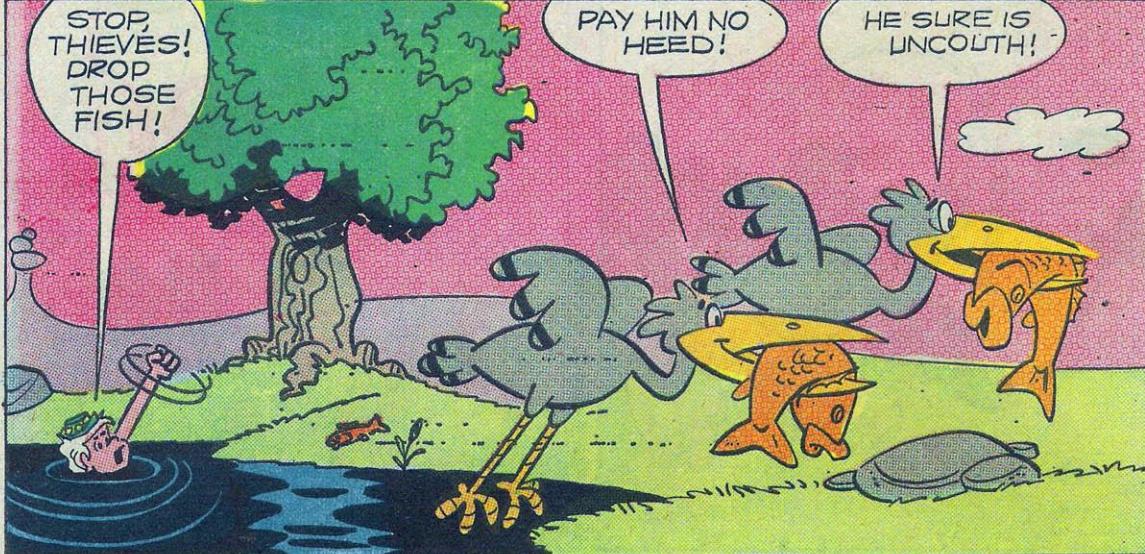




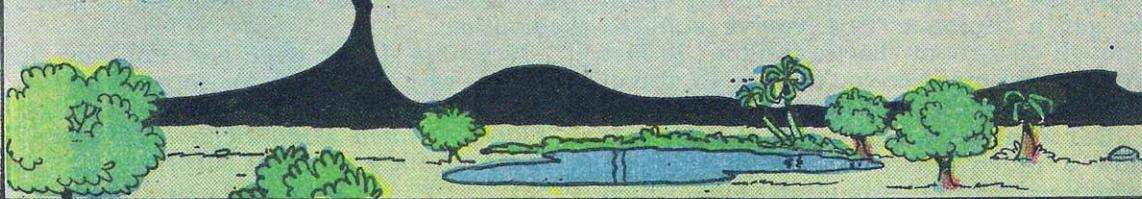
STOP,
THIEVES!
DROP
THOSE
FISH!

PAY HIM NO
HEED!

HE SURE IS
UNCOUTH!

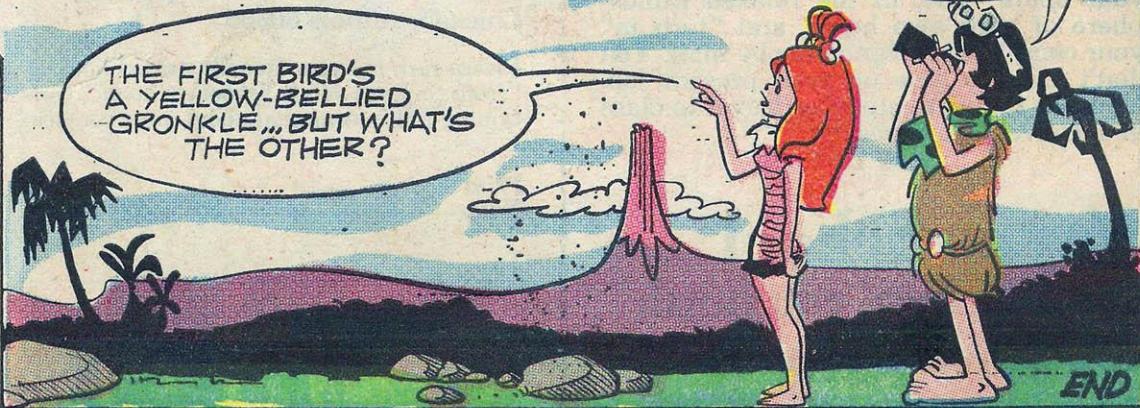


YOU WON'T
GET AWAY
WITH THIS
ONE!



IT LOOKS LIKE A
RED FACED
BAMM-BAMM!

THE FIRST BIRD'S
A YELLOW-BELLIED
GRONKLE... BUT WHAT'S
THE OTHER?



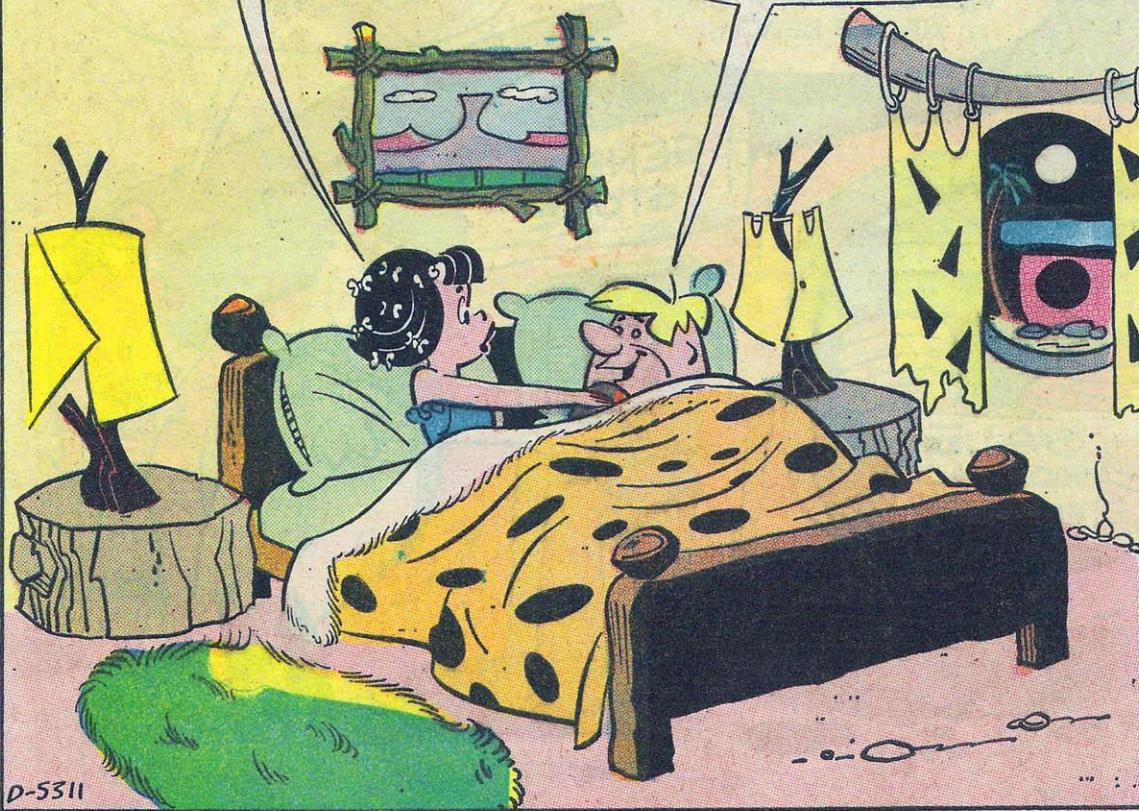
END

TEEN-
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PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN "THE PROTECTOR"

BARNEY! THERE'S SOMEONE
OUTSIDE STEALING A WHEEL
OFF OUR CAR!

THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO
SEE IF THAT NEW DOG
OF BAMM-BAMM'S IS A
GOOD WATCHDOG!



OH, HE'S A GOOD
WATCHDOG
ALL RIGHT!

HE IS,
HUH?!



YEAH, HE'S RIGHT OUT
THERE WATCHING
THE ROBBER STEAL
OUR WHEEL!



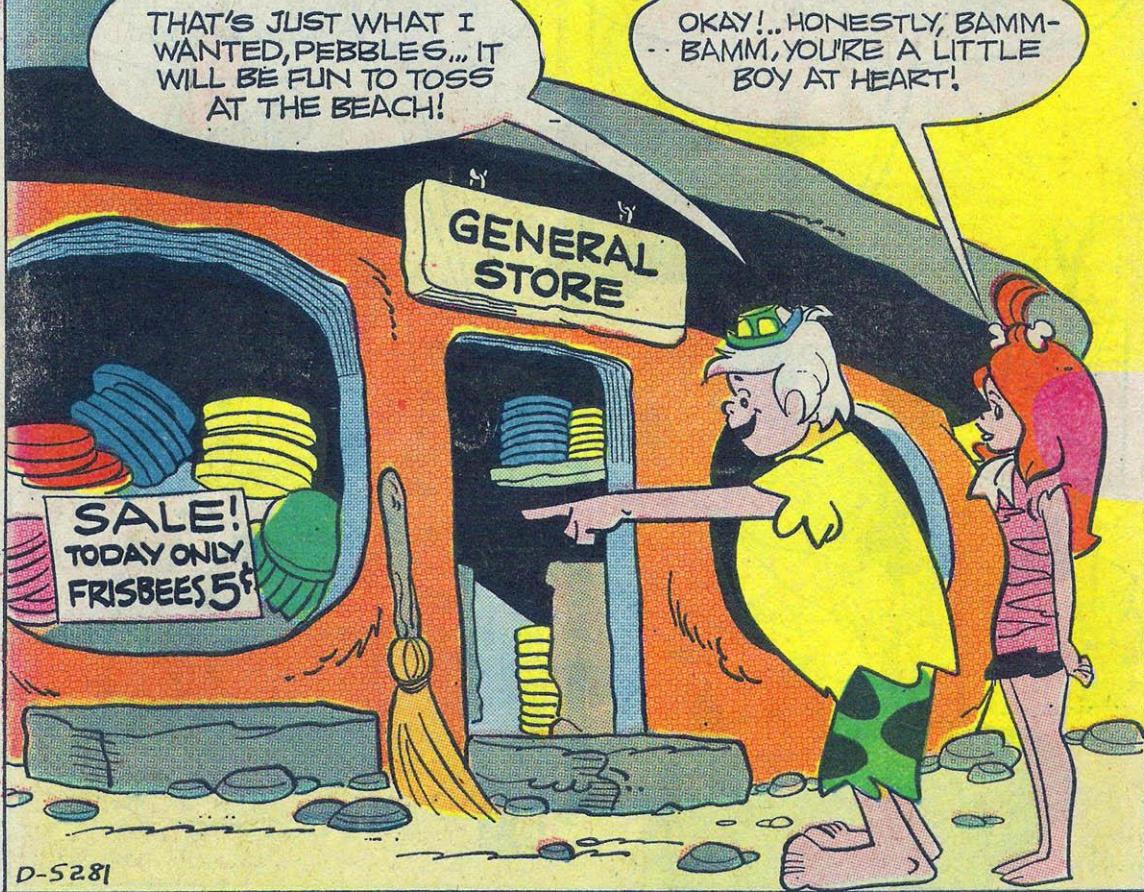
END

TEEN-
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PEBBLES AND Bamm-Bamm IN "THROWAWAY"

THAT'S JUST WHAT I
WANTED, PEBBLES... IT
WILL BE FUN TO TOSS
AT THE BEACH!

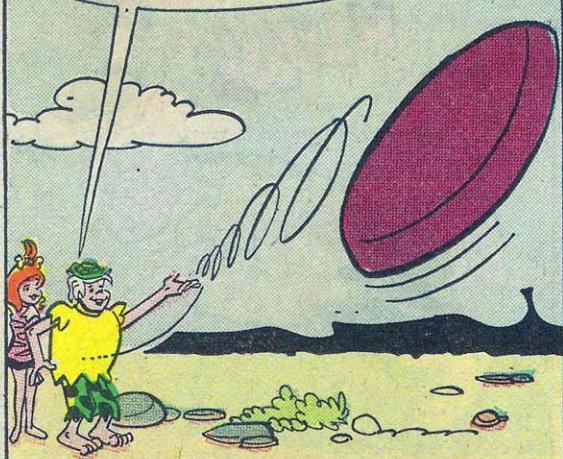
OKAY... HONESTLY, Bamm-
Bamm, YOU'RE A LITTLE
BOY AT HEART!



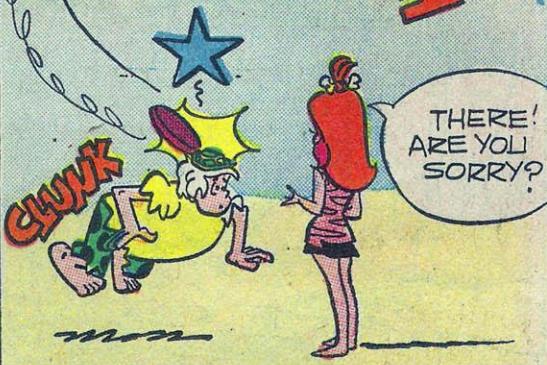
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I WONDER WHY SHE
SAID I'D BE SORRY?

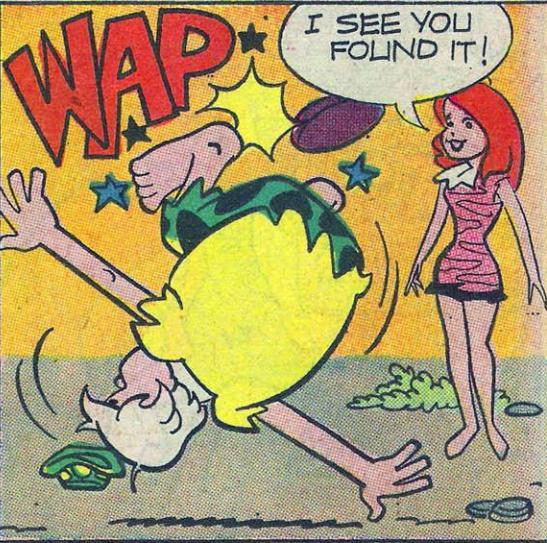
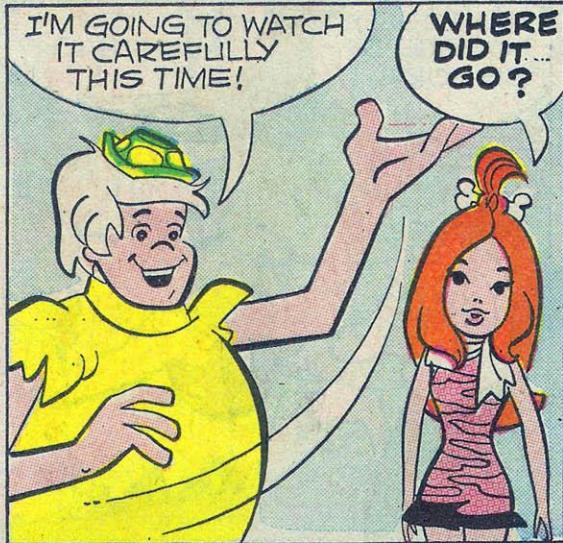


WOOOOOOOSH!



I'M GOING TO WATCH
IT CAREFULLY
THIS TIME!

WHERE
DID IT
GO?



WELL, WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?

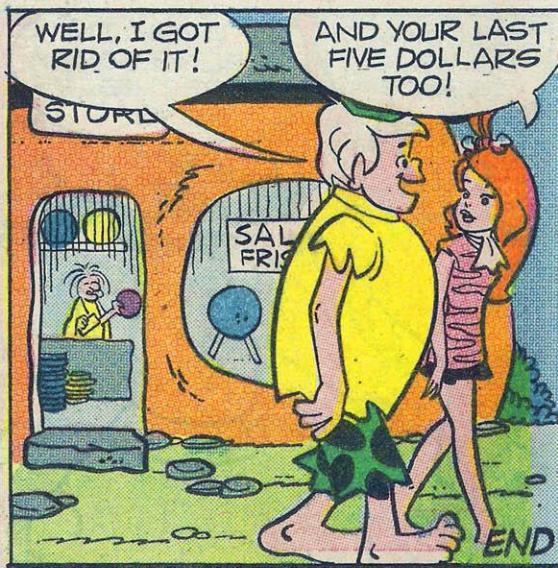
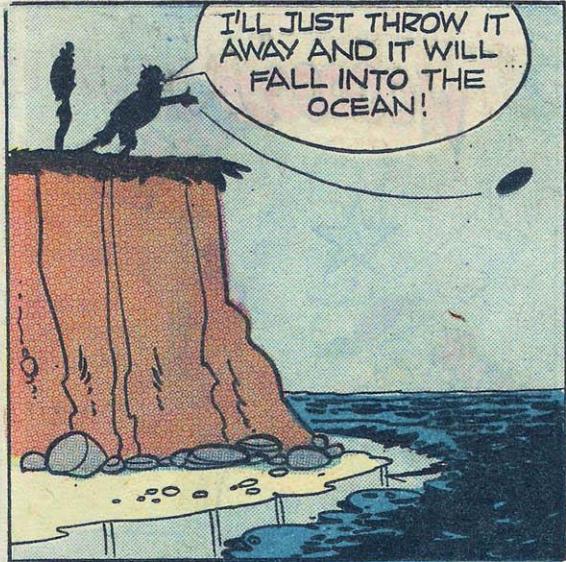
I THINK I'M
FEELING SORRY
I GOT THIS
THING!



I KNOW! I'LL GET RID
OF IT ONCE AND
FOR ALL!

HOW?

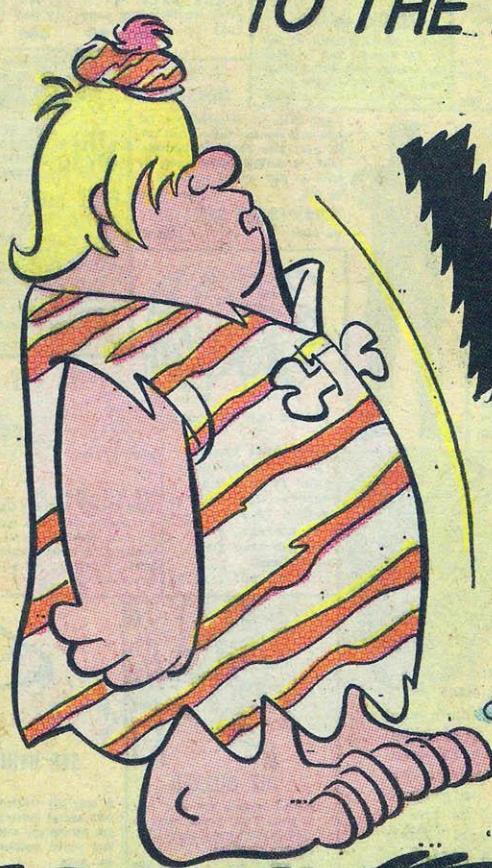




TEEN-
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PEBBLES AND Bamm-Bamm IN

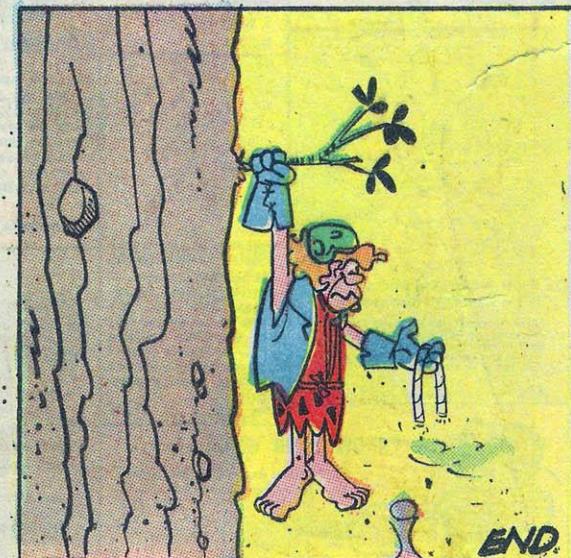
"TO THE RESCUE!"



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IS THAT YOU
DOWN THERE,
BRUNO!

YES, STUPID!
THROW ME A
ROPE!



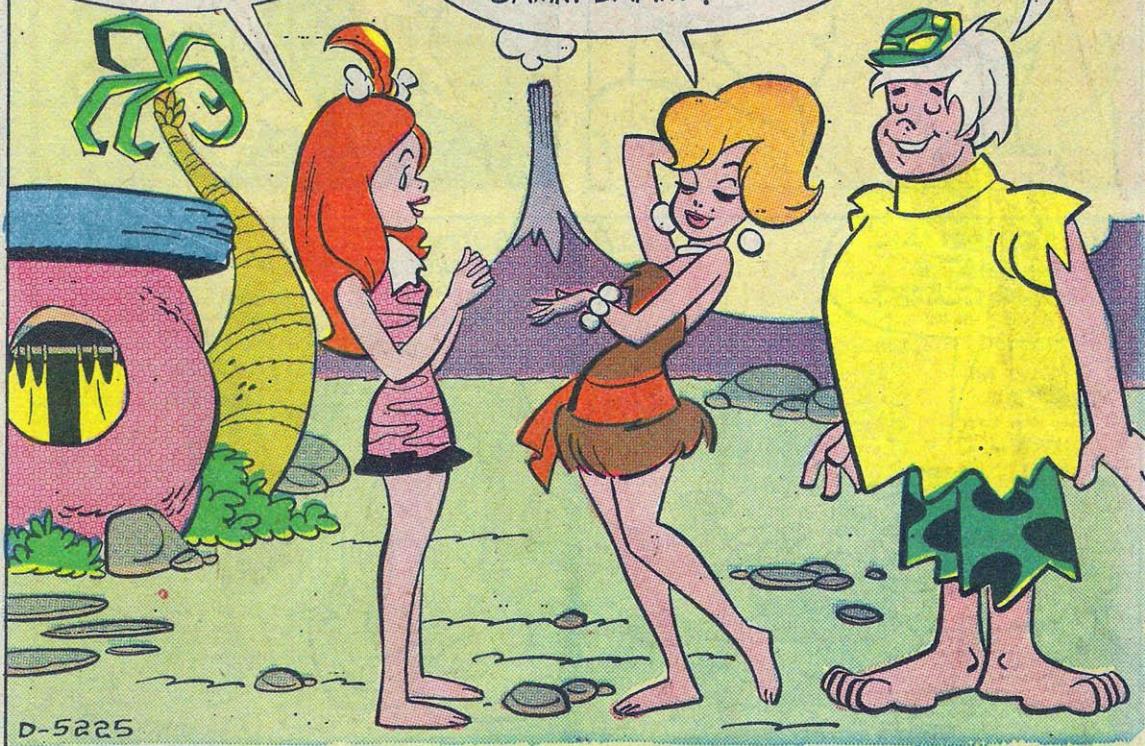
TEEN
AGE

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN "SWEETWATER SWAMP"

OH, CINDY! WHAT
WONDERFUL PERFUME
YOU'RE WEARING
WHAT IS IT?

IT'S CALLED "SWEETWATER"
AND THE ONLY PLACE YOU
CAN GET IT IS SWEETWATER
SWAMP... ISN'T IT DEVINE,
BAMM-BAMM?

:SNIF-SNIF:
YEAH, IT SMELLS
GOOD!



I MUST HAVE
SOME,
BAMM-
BAMM!

SWEETWATER SWAMP
IS IMPOSSIBLE TO
GET TO AND BESIDES
IT'S DANGEROUS!

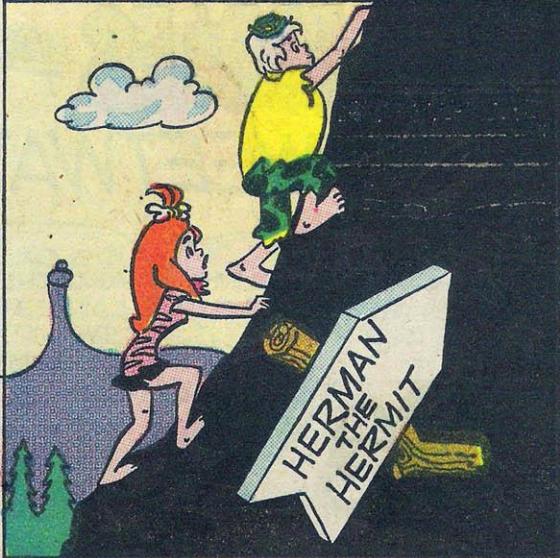
VERY WELL, IF
YOU'RE AFRAID
I'LL GO ALONE!

OKAY, OKAY! YOU
WIN! LET'S GET
STARTED!



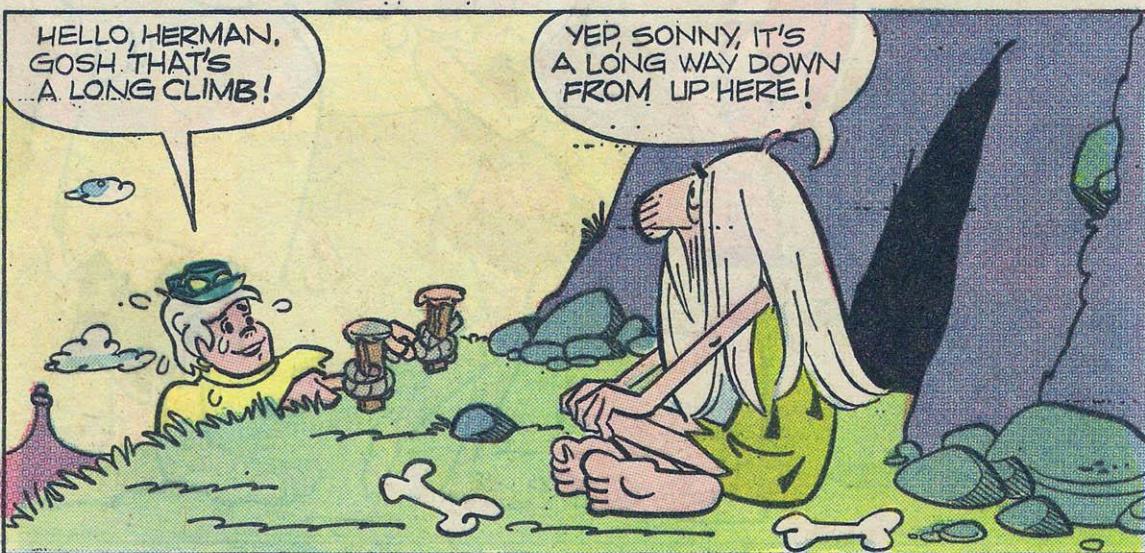
HOW DO WE
GET THERE?

THE SAME WAY
EVERYONE ELSE
DOES, ASK HERMAN
THE HERMIT FOR
DIRECTIONS!



HELLO, HERMAN.
GOSH THAT'S
A LONG CLIMB!

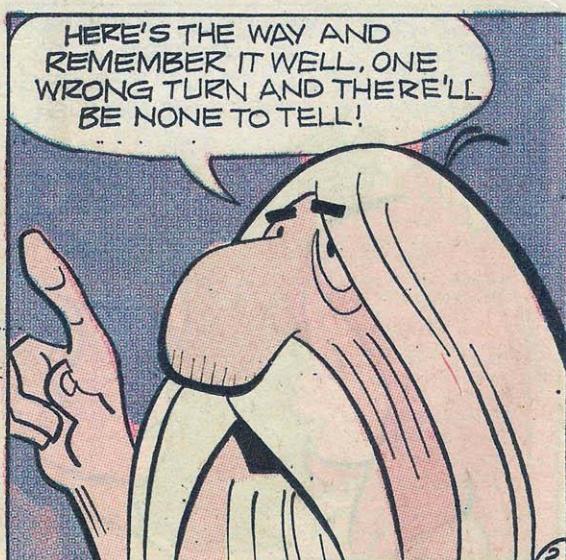
YEP, SONNY, IT'S
A LONG WAY DOWN
FROM UP HERE!

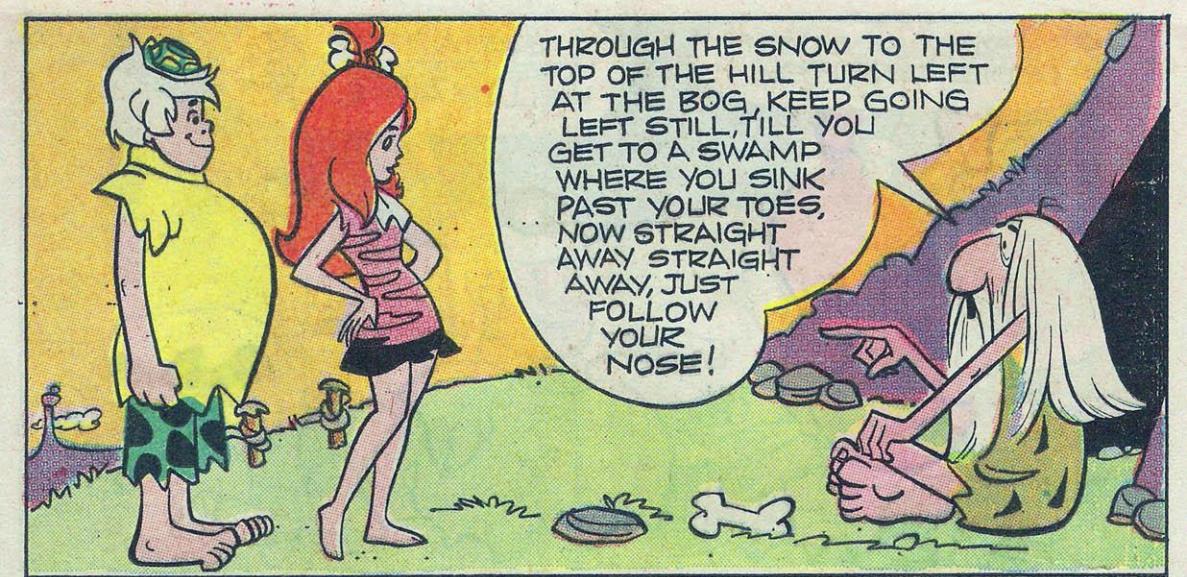


HERMAN, WE WANT
DIRECTIONS...

...TO
SWEETWATER
SWAMP!

HERE'S THE WAY AND
REMEMBER IT WELL, ONE
WRONG TURN AND THERE'LL
BE NONE TO TELL!





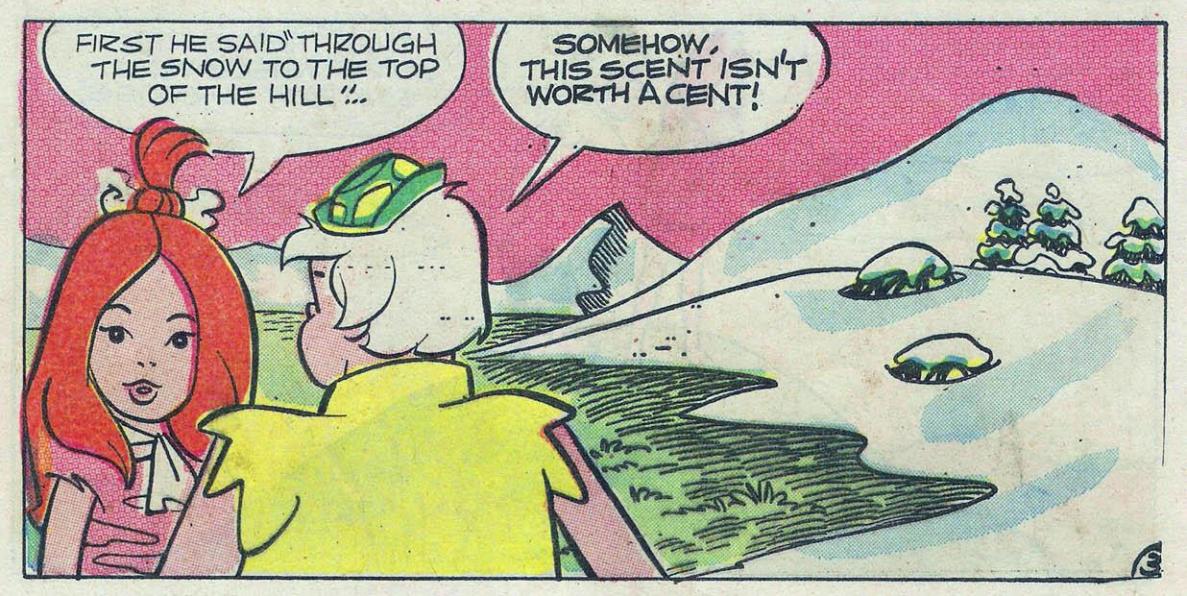
THROUGH THE SNOW TO THE
TOP OF THE HILL TURN LEFT
AT THE BOG, KEEP GOING
LEFT STILL, TILL YOU
GET TO A SWAMP
WHERE YOU SINK
PAST YOUR TOES,
NOW STRAIGHT
AWAY STRAIGHT
AWAY, JUST
FOLLOW
YOUR
NOSE!



DON'T GET LOST, CAUSE
THERE'S NO WAY OUT!



WE'LL BE
CAREFUL,
HERMAN,
THANKS!



FIRST HE SAID "THROUGH
THE SNOW TO THE TOP
OF THE HILL" ...

SOMEHOW,
THIS SCENT ISN'T
WORTH A CENT!

BAMM-BAMM, I'M
C-COLD AND TIRED!

JUST A LITTLE
MORE, PEBBLES AND
WE'LL BE AT THE HILL!

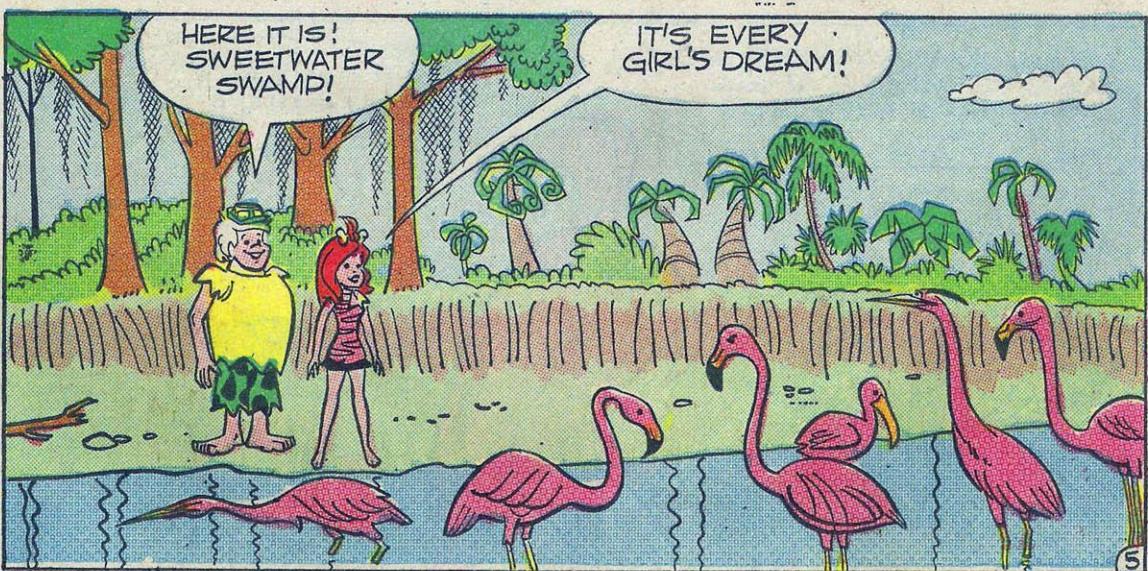
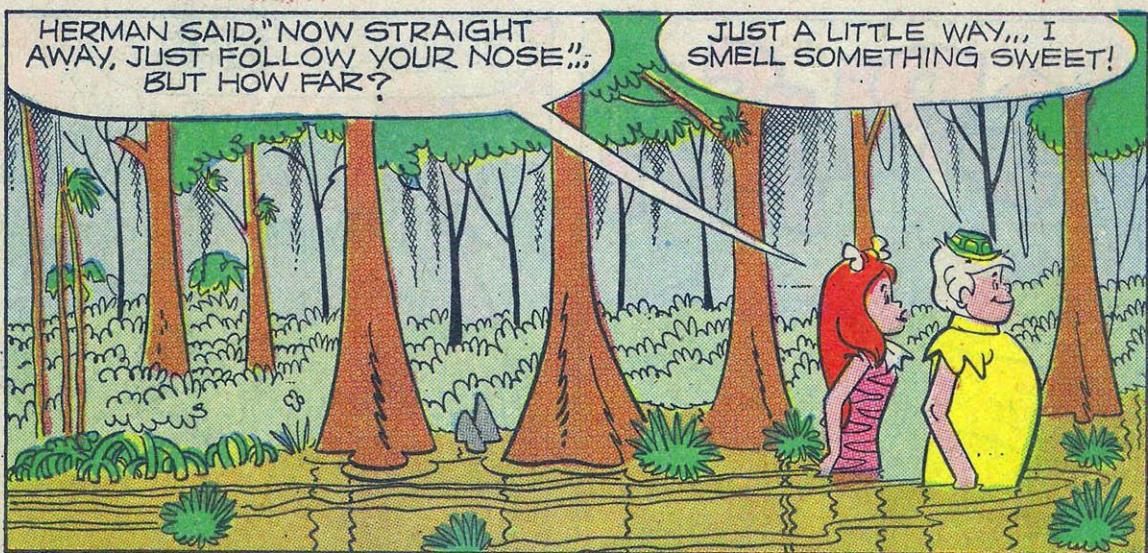
NOW WE CLIMB
THE HILL!

PUFF PUFF PUFF...
I....JUST...CAN'T
MAKE IT!

COME ON...
WE'RE ALMOST
THERE!

NOW WE TURN LEFT
AT THE BOG, AND
THEN LEFT
AGAIN!

THEN THROUGH THE
SWAMP WHERE WE'LL
SINK PAST OUR TOES...



A WHOLE LAKE
OF PERFUME!

WE'LL JUST FILL
THESE LITTLE
GOURDS AND
START HOME!



OOPS!



SPLASH



SPLUT... SPLUT... PHEW! I'M IN
AN OCEAN OF PERFUME!



WELL, IT WON'T WASH OFF... HOW
LONG BEFORE THE SMELL
DISAPPEARS, PEBBLES?

OH, ONLY ABOUT
TWO OR THREE DAYS!



I CAN'T GO HOME SMELLING
LIKE THIS! I CAN'T FACE MY
FRIENDS AND FAMILY!



I KNOW! I'LL CAMP OUT
WITH HERMAN FOR A FEW
DAYS!



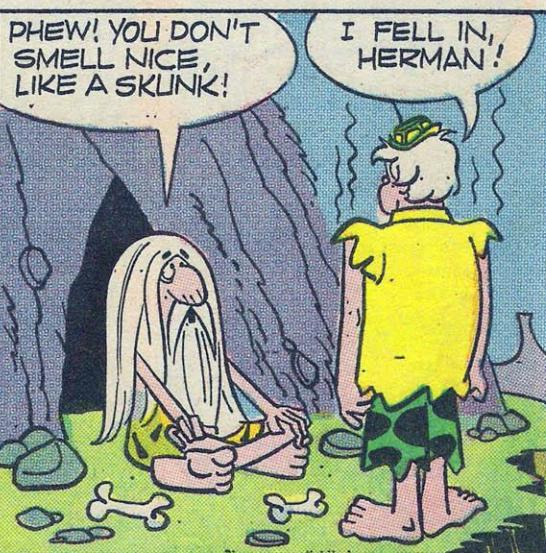
SO LONG,
BAMM-BAMM...
I'LL SEE YOU
SOON!

I DON'T KNOW
HOW I LET YOU
TALK ME INTO
THESE THINGS!



PHEW! YOU DON'T
SMELL NICE,
LIKE A SKUNK!

I FELL IN,
HERMAN!



HERMAN, OPEN UP!
IT'S STARTING
TO RAIN!

YOUNG FELLA, AT
LAST YOU'RE GETTING
A LUCKY BREAK!



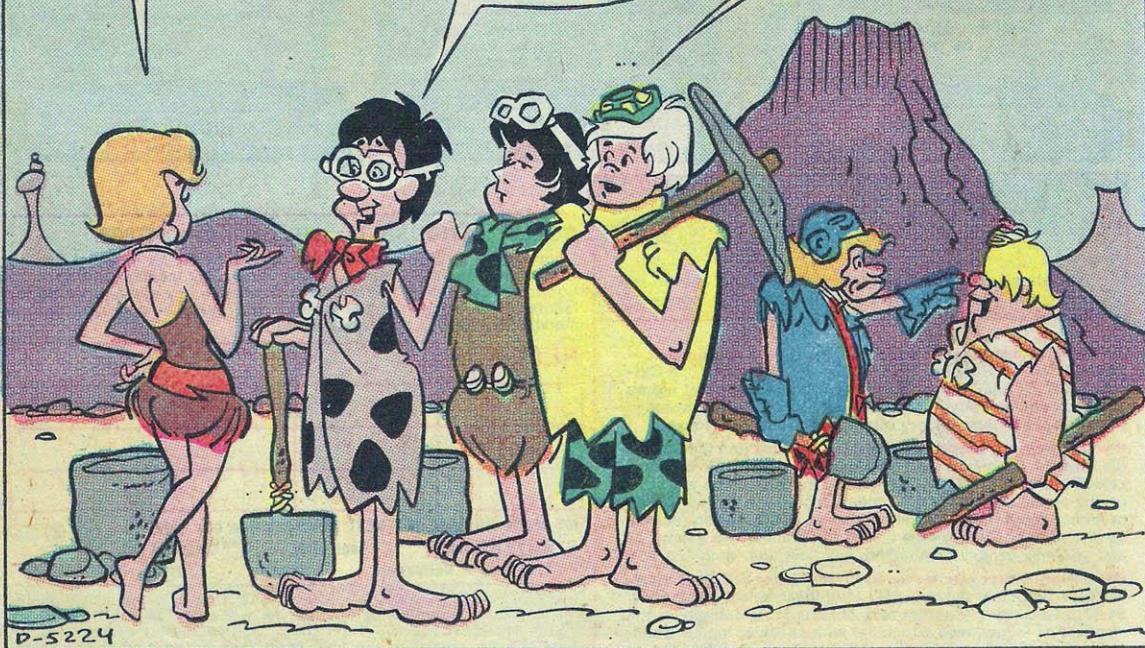
TEEN-
AGE

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN "THE BIG BANG"

WHAT ARE YOU
ALL DOING?

WE'RE TIRED OF
CLIMBING THIS
MOUNTAIN EVERY
TIME WE HAVE
TO GO TO TOWN!

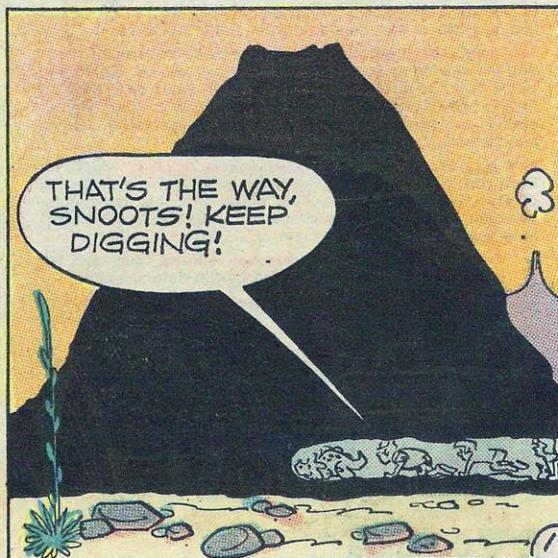
SO WE'RE
DIGGING A
TUNNEL RIGHT
THROUGH IT!



SNOOTS DOES THE DIGGING
AND WE PUT THE EARTH IN
THE BUCKETS AND PASS IT
BACK IN A BUCKET BRIGADE!



THAT'S THE WAY,
SNOOTS! KEEP
DIGGING!



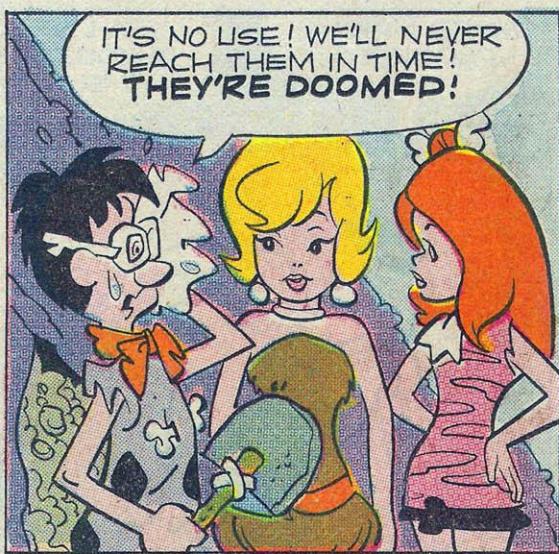
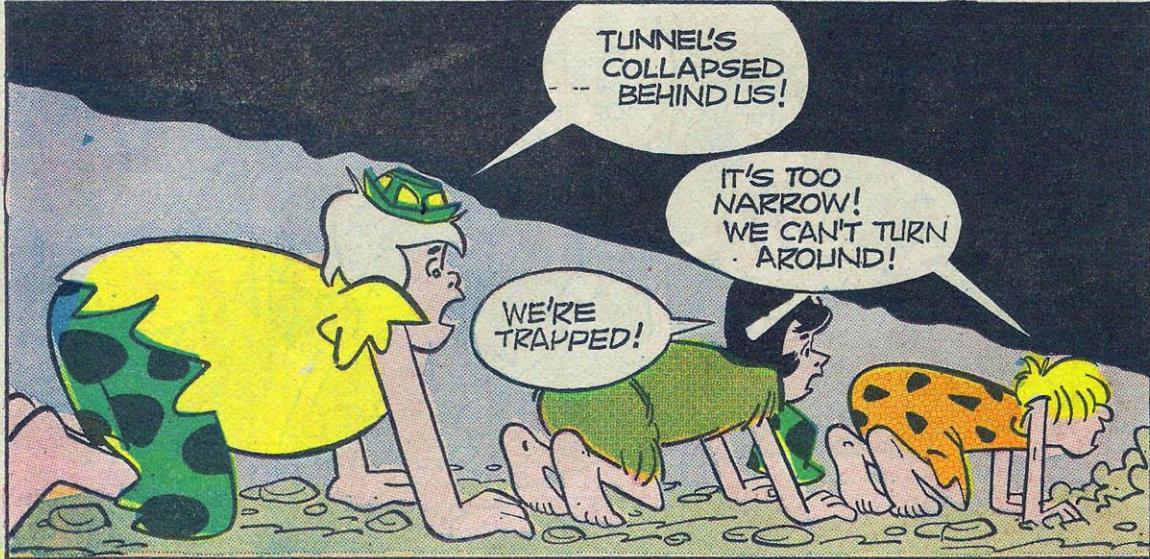
IT'S GETTING
DEEPER... THERE
ARE NOW FOUR
OF THEM IN THE
TUNNEL!

WE'RE MAKING
PROGRESS!

YEAH, WE'LL BE
THROUGH IN NO
TIME AT ALL!

I FIGURE ABOUT
SIX MONTHS!

WE'RE ALMOST HALF
WAY THERE... KEEP
PASSING THOSE
BUCKETS BACK
FASTER!



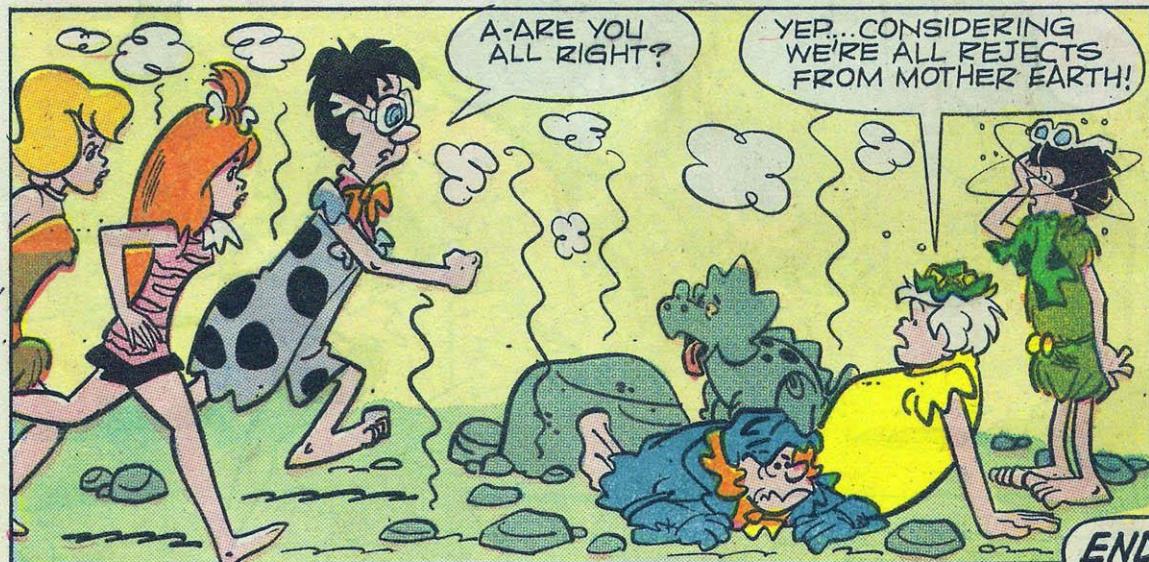
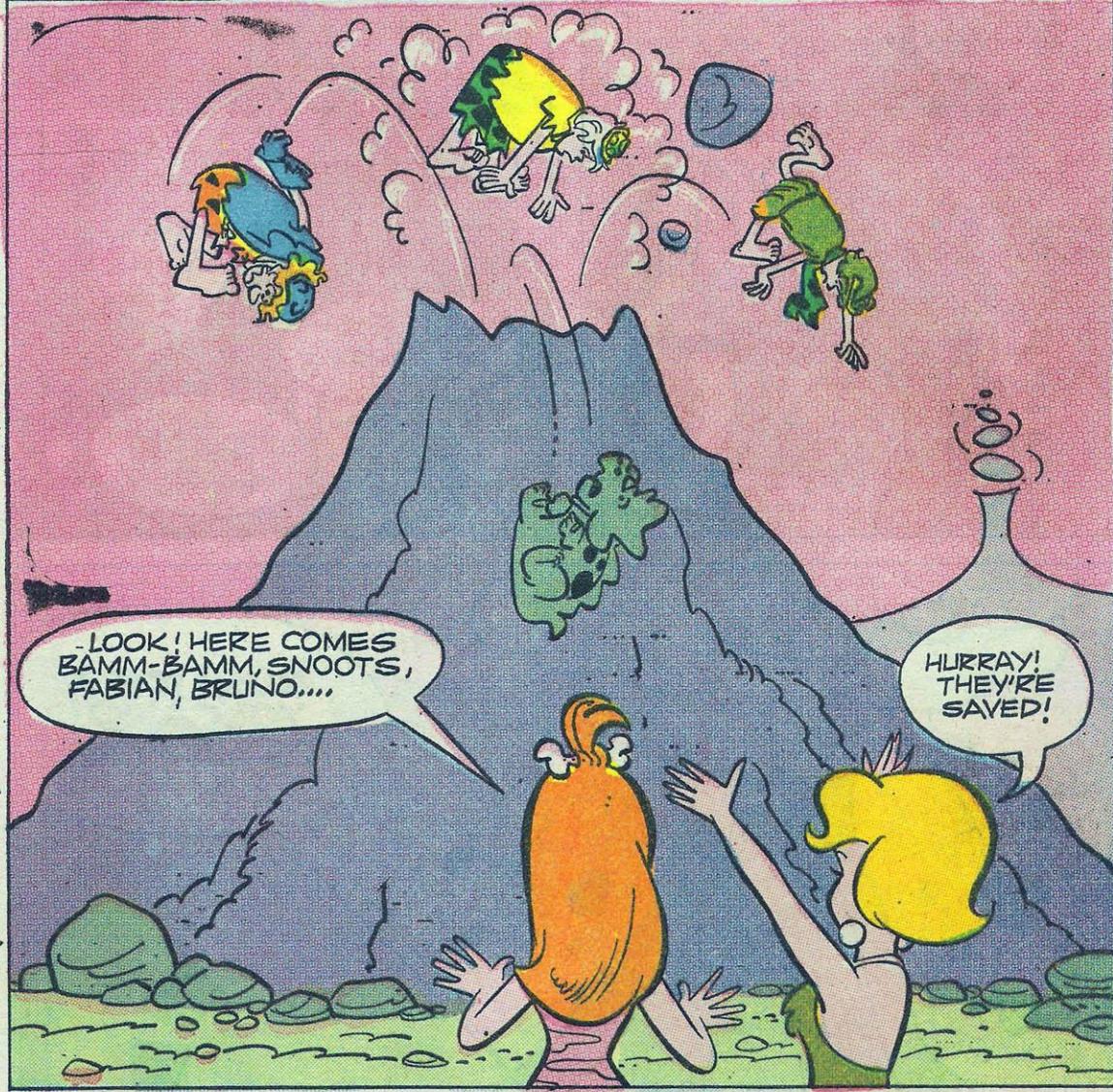
THAT WON'T
HELP THEM!

I DON'T CARE! IT
MAKES ME FEEL
BETTER!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

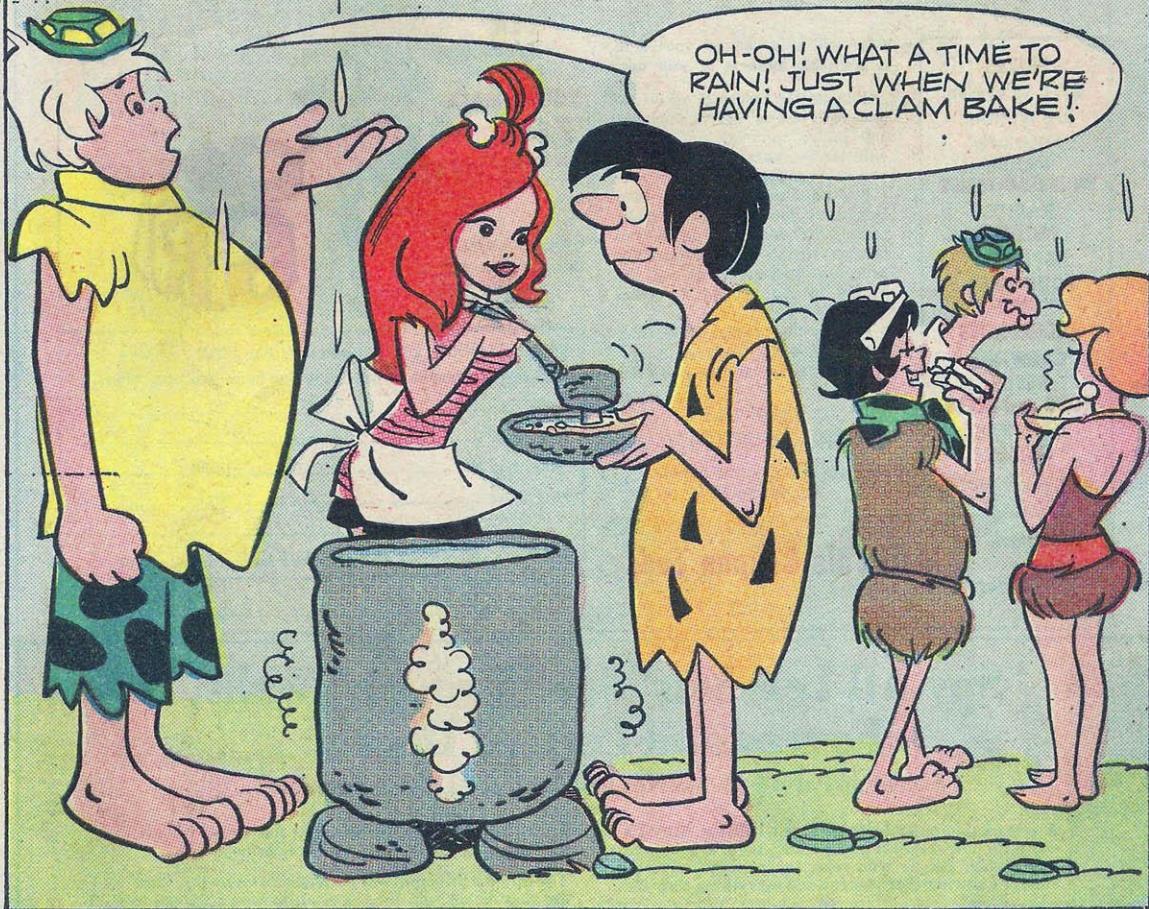
THE WHOLE
WORLD'S
SHAKING!

RUN! IT'S A
VOLCANO!
IT'S ERUPTING!



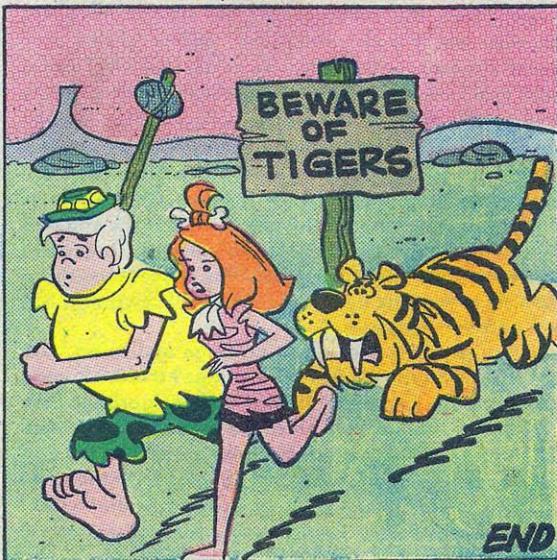
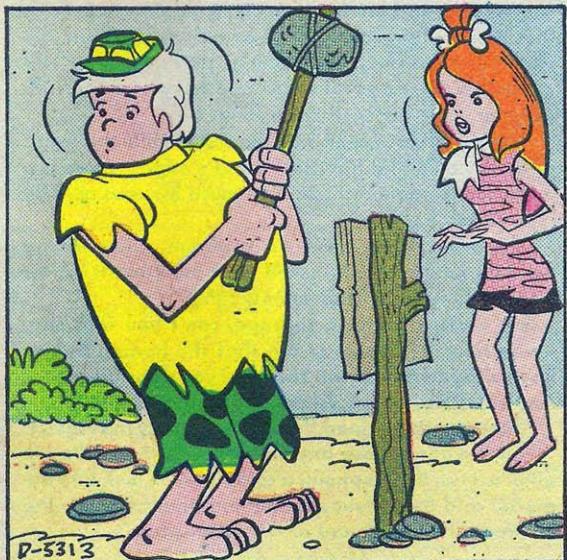
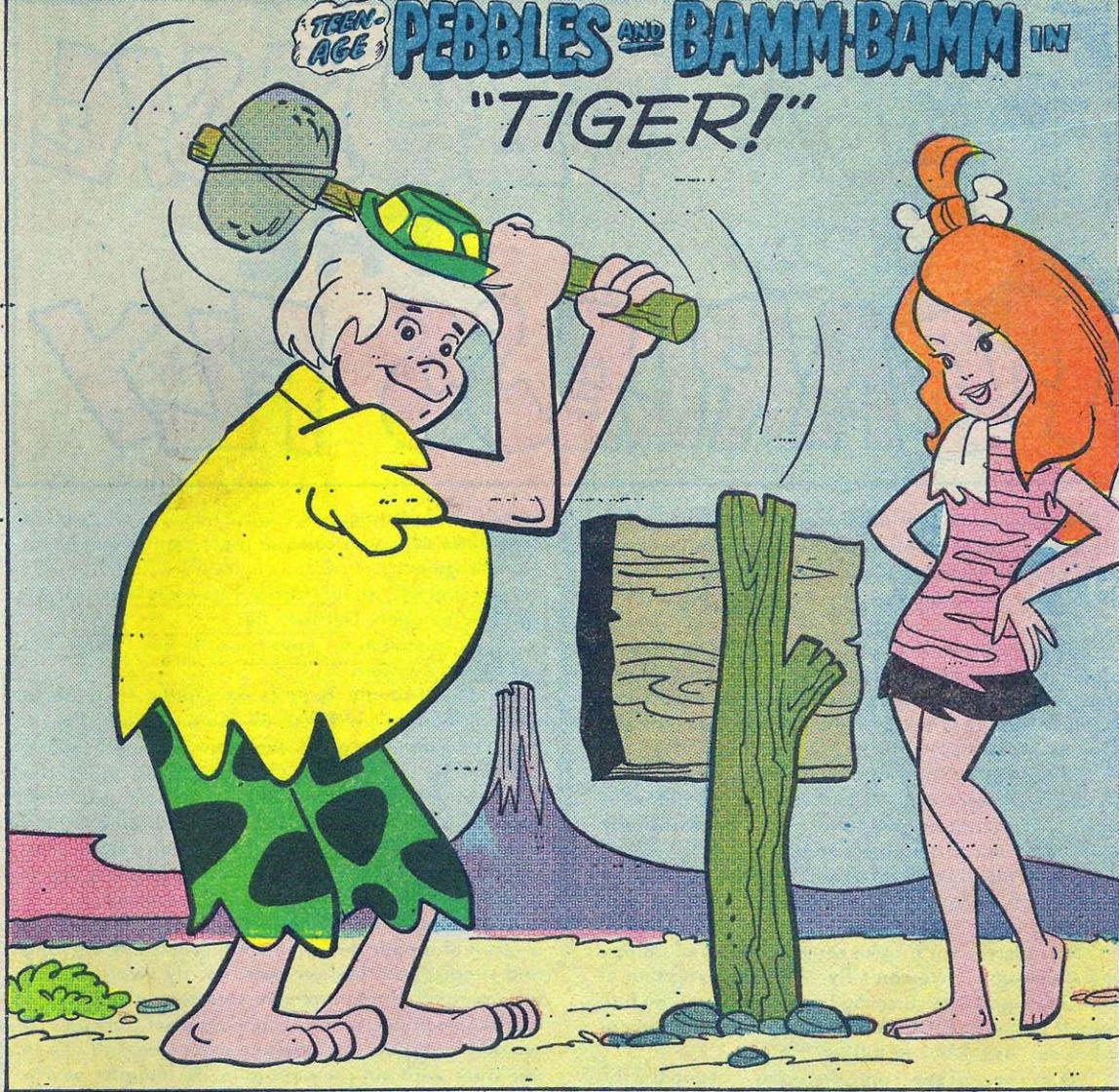
TEEN-
AGE

PEBBLES AND Bamm-Bamm IN "RAIN SOUP"



TEEN-
AGE

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN "TIGER!"





FLUSSIE THE FEARLESS FLY

Polly the Pigeon was the first to arrive at the Friday morning monthly meeting of the Inhabitants of Echo Lake and its vicinity. When they had all gathered there, she mounted the Big Rock and began the meeting:

"We are all here to greet a visitor. Who has a complaint to make. And wishes to enlist our aid. So I ask that you all listen very carefully to what Flussie the Fearless Fly has to tell us. Who knows? Someday we may be in her boots."

"I don't get it," said Raro the Rabbit. "First of all, a fly doesn't wear boots. Second of all, if she did wear boots they would be very small. And I know that my feet would not fit into her size boots."

"That is merely an expression," explained Polly the Pigeon. "It means that some day we may find ourselves in a similar position."

"That also doesn't make sense," protested Chippy the Chipmunk. "We can't fly. With the exception of Polly the Pigeon of course. So I can't see how I can find myself in her position. But anyway we want to hear what our visitor has to tell us."

"As you can all see, I am very small," began the fly. "I just want to live out my life span in peace. But it seems that the members of the human race are against me. It is discrimination." In the schools they teach the kids to swat a fly. Now I ask you why? Those kids feel I am something terrible. So if a kid is going to swat a fly, then he must have a fly swatter. Do you know that the manufacture and sale of fly swatters is a tremendous business in this country. Then there are companies that manufacture fly paper. Once a fly gets his or her legs stuck on the paper, that is the end of it all. A terrible way to go! And recently they have manufactured special electric bulbs. It does something to a fly so that the fly has to fly away. I say that this is all unfair.

They say that flies go to garbage and bring back disease. But who creates the garbage? It is the human beings in the first place. If there were no garbage then we flies would not stop off at the garbage places. And then there is the matter of getting our daily food supply. I see a window open. So I go inside. On the table there is a lot of food. I know and you know that a lot of it is going to waste. I want only a little bit to nourish

myself. And you should see what happens when I stop on a piece of bread, cake, or meat. Something like a panic begins.

"Get that fly," shouts father. "How could you let the window be open. Get that fly."

"I just missed him," says the little boy. "Wait till I get the fly swatter."

Big deal! I simply fly up to the ceiling. Then I see a glass of water. I am thirsty. So down I go at fast pace. Like a dive bomber, and I stop at the edge of the glass. Take one sip of water and up to the ceiling again. The little girl goes for me and misses. But she upsets the glass of water. Which spills over her brother's new clean shirt. Soon the entire family is in an uproar. How can they enjoy a meal? How can they properly digest good food? Doesn't make sense to me at all.

Know something? Suppose things were reversed. As a result of atomic radiation we flies became very big and strong. And then we gave out fly swatters. Beg your pardon - I mean people swatters. And we also had people paper. So the people could get stuck on it. It would be terrible. The average person doesn't like to get stuck with old chewing gum. So imagine how a man would feel when he gets stuck on people paper.

I ask you all here to think up some plan to help us flies. Maybe they could put us on a fly reservation. We stay there and the human beings stay away. We will not bother them and they won't bother us. I am certain you can come up with some ideas."

"On the other side of the lake," said Tillie the Trout, who was listening from the water's edge, "there is a lot of vacant land. Maybe that could be used as a fly reservation."

"Suppose there were no garbage, then where would you flies stop?" asked Raro the Rabbit. "After all you do have to stop somewhere."

But even if there is garbage, can't you flies stay away from it? Seems to me that the human beings have a sound complaint. They feel you do bring germs. And there are germs where you find garbage."

"Meeting is adjourned," announced Polly the Pigeon. "I don't want to have any disputes arise here. We are all peaceful. I will appoint a committee to look into the matter and then make recommendations. Snippie the Snake will be the head of the committee."